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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Bra.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN AND POETS. BY ELIZA L. SPROAT.

[CONTINUED.] "When all was quiet, and I began to cool down, it came to me slowly, that I had been acting rather a foolish part. I had been aggra-vating, and could hardly blame Tom Sloucher

acting rather a foolish part. I had been aggravating and could hardly blame Tom Sloucher for being angry, but at the same time I didn't want to fight him. I hate fighting; I never engaged in a fight in all my life, that I didn't feel mean and degraded afterwards. But then, to give up after all that bragging! Besides, I felt that if I yielded to Sloucher now, I should be overridden and bullied by him as long as I stayed in the school. Well, I thought and thought, and couldn't make up my mind; one minute! resolved to keep my promise, the next to stand by my principles; and so I seesaved between honor and credit, which, (in school at least,) are very apt not to go together, as they certainly ought, to get a fellow comfortably through the world.

"I left it this way: I didn't say 'I won't fight,' I said 'I won't fight, unless the temptation is too great for a human boy to resist."

"When we were out for little noon, I noticed Sloucher and several of the first classers, sitting in what we used to call our 'office'—a roof of plank boards laid over the top rails at the angle of the yard fence, and plank seats inside. They were whispering mysteriously, and every now and then Sloucher would sneak a glance at me; then Harry Anderson left them, and came leaping over to me, with his face very red, and put his arm round me, and began to speak fast and angry. But Mr. Shakespeare's little noons were short, and just that minute the bell rang, and we were in our seats till twelve o'clock.

"You all know how thick I used to be with

that minute the bell rang, and we were in our sents till twelve o'clock.

"You all know how thick I used to be with Harry Anderson. Well, I felt sure that if he knew anything that I ought to know, he would find some way to tell me, and so he did. We sat at opposite ends of the room, and leaving seats was not allowed; but I saw him write something on a slip of paper, and roll it up, and put it in his tin pipe, that he kad for blowing—at least—well, spit balls.

"Harry didn't often break rules, but this time he made an exception; pretty soon the master

he made an exception; pretty soon the master turned his back, and something shot through the air, and there was a little roll of paper

the ar, and there was a little roll of paper lying on my slate.

"I opened it; it said—'T. S. says you're a coward, and he is going to prove it. H. A.'

"Twelve o'clock came, and we all went shouting and tumbling into the school yard, basket in hand, for many of us came too far to go home to dinner, and we Washingtonians (first classers) almost always stayed from choice.

"The little fallows want to playing and eat-

the office—to call the Washingtonians togethe "Now, thinks I, my time is coming, as walked to the office; I tried to square the old account between honor and credit. I knew well enough that there would be no honor in ighting with Sloucher, nor I fett, too, that I had been in the wrong; but at the same time he was such a disagreeable bully, and I knew so well what the class would think if I retracted, that at last I made up my mind that this seemed to be the one case where the temptation was too great for a human boy to endure; and by that time I reached the office.

"No fight at all! only a proposition from Sloucher to adjourn to the Cauldron, half a mile up the creek, and find a place among those rocky woods to eat our dinner. I felt so pleasantly all at once towards Tom, that I walked to the office: I tried to square the old

so pleasantly all at once towards Tom, that I walked up to him, and held out my hand; but he put his behind him, and when I looked at his eyes, I saw the old snake expression, that half the boys in the school had known, to their

half the boys in the school had known, to their sorrow.

"We went up the creek, some twenty of us—twelve Washingtonians, and some of the smaller fry. They called themselves Washingtonians, too, but we thought it was rather too much for them to be imitating us in everything, so we had their name changed to 'Tonys.'

"Well, we reached the Cauldron, and laid down our baskets under the trees. Some went right at their dinners, and two or three climbert the life rock that directly looks over the Cauldron.

this place is known to be the curiosity of the region, that no one has ever published a description of it; however, the world shall have one, if it can wait till I am a man.

"I lay flat on my breast, as I have often don "I lay flat on my breast, as I have often done before, and stretching over the rock, looked down into the Cauldron; on the top the sun beats down rather hot, but gloriously; and a little way down, the rocks are all alive with flowers; they soon begin to thin off, the stone grows black and slimy, here and there the walls of the chasm almost join, and through the elefts you hear the rattling and booming, and catch glimpses of a hurrying mass of blackness below.

They do say that this torrent, which seems to be always roaring up from the central earth, reaching, gasping a moment wildly for the light, and then for evermore pushing blindly on through the under darkness, laboring on instinctive to the sea — Where was 1? Oh! they do say that this has no connection with the results.

Oh, well now, what am I saying all this for? The fact is, sir, ever since the day when you forbade my leaping the Cauldron again, that time when I was drowned.) I have had a sort of income of the cauldron again.

"Oh! master Alf," quoth Will, on! master Alf," quoth Will, "you're telling a humbug! You wasn't drowned at all, or how could you be here this evening?"
"I was drowned," said Alfred, gruffly, tenacious of his honors.
"Well, but how could he be, father?" whispered Emma.

pered Emma.

"I think," said Mr. B. reflectively, "that are received by the said Mr. B. reflectively, "that are received by the said Mr. B. reflectively, "that are received by the said Mr. B. reflectively, "that are received by the said Mr. B. reflectively, "that are received by the said Mr. B. reflectively, "that are received by the said Mr. B. reflectively,"

he is justified in using the expression; yes, I consider that Alfred was fairly drowned."
"I would suggest," said Mrs. B., "that the explanation of that point be made the material for another storm."

al for another story."
So Alfred proceeded:

So Alfred proceeded:

I was saying, sir, that ever since I made you the promise, that spot has been a sort of fascination; it haunts me at school; it comes to me on the playground; sometimes, when I wake in the night, I feel as if I must start right off up the crock, and take one other try, just to see I if could get across without falling. This is all very foolish, I know; but yet, I do think, sir, if you would go with me, or take what precautions you pleased, only let me try once more to cross that Cauldron, I should be happier for it all my life.

Now, Pil tell you how the thing is done. About every half hour comes a time when the waters are lower; just for a moment, some force from below seems to suck the torrent down; just for a moment, and in that moment, you we, just for a moment, and in that moment,

is too elimy and steep to give you a foothold—
up, with all your might, for the waters are
roaring back, and after you—keep your eyes
upward—let your feet hang—never mind your
arms trembling—up, clutch the weeds at the
roots, where they are toughest—from weed to
weed, now from rock to rock—up—hurrah,
you are up—a-a-h! I wish I might do it!"

There was a pause.
"Story, story!" murmured Will, impatient

at the digressions.
"That is the story," said Eunice.
Alfred turned, put his arm round her, and

continued.

"Well, as I said, I lay on the highest rock, looking down; but hearing a footstep I knew, I rose, and there stood Tom Sloucher, with a very white face, and trembling a little, but still with the same ugly leer in his eyes. The other boys, who knew we had quarrelled, came gathering around; and when he thought he had listeners enough, he stretched out his arm, like his favorite position in the Elocution book, and said—

arm, like his favorite position in the Elecution book, and said—

"Fellow Washingtonians!"

"When he said this, the Tonys began to ery 'Hear, hear!" but we hissed, and they stopped. 'Fellow Washingtonians, says Sloucher, you all know that this morning Alf. Burton proposed to beat me at hop-skotch."

"I did beat you, said I.

"More than that, you know that he said he heat me at shipny."

he beat me at shinny.

"'I can do it again,' says I.
"'And you know that he promised to give satisfaction at whatever I dared to pro-

"'Now,' says Sloucher, and his face got white again, 'I dare him to go to the other side of the Cauldron, and leap across with me, and climb with me to the rock where we now

"'That's fair,' cried the Washingtonians 'Go it, hosses' squealed the delighted Tonys; and Tom's color came back, and his eyes grew uglier, as he looked in my face, and saw that

uglier, as he looked in my face, and saw that I was confounded.

"'Tom Sloucher,' said I, at last, 'if you want to play, I'll head you; if you want to fight, I'll whip you; but if you mean to cross that Cauldron, you'll have to do it alone.'

"'Oho! oho!' says Sloucher, coming up close to me, 'whatever you dare, nice little Alfy—brave little Alfy!' and his breath came in my face, and his eyes snapped right into mine.

"'Do you want to fight?' says I, for I could not stand it any longer.

not stand it any longer. "But the boys came up, and held my arm.
"'Fair play, Alf, fair play: you know that
was your agreement this morning.'

[TO BE CONCLUDDED IN OUR NEXT.]

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MARK SUTHERLAND:

POWER AND PRINCIPLE.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. CHAP. XXII .- Continued.

Mark Sutherland wished to inquire after the health and welfare of his mother, with whom he had made several attempts to open a correspondence, but from whom he had not heard for nearly four years; but an undefinable resultance withold him. for nearly four years; but an undefinable reluctance withheld him from naming the subject to the degenerate and brutal man before him. Mr. Ashley ordered more wine, and pressed it upon his companion; but Mark Sutherland, habitually abstemious, suffered his glass to be filled once, and then excused himself; and Mr. Ashley filled and quaffed glass after glass, momentarily more and more garrilous—anisy and discussive furtilities with towards him, pinching her cheek and pulling her ears with maudlin and loathsome freedom; while the poor girl, blushing with shame and confusion, and weeping with grief and terror, sought in vain to escape. Mark Sutherland, deeply offended with the scene, would gladly have withdrawn, but that he felt his presence to be some protection to the defenceless maid; he would gladly have interference, far from saving her, would hurry on her destruction. It is hard to be wise and prudent when the blood is boiling; and it is uncertain how long he would have remained so, had not a bell sounded in a distant part of the house, and Oriole, taking advantage of the circumstance, exclaimed, "It is my mistress," and made her escape. Mr. Ashley poured out and quaffed glass after glass of wine, until his ranting mood was merging into a stupid one; and Mark Sutherland seized the first opportunity to rise and leave the table, and pass into the drawing room.

That elegant drawing-room which you may

rawing room.

That elegant drawing room which you may recollect communicated with Miss Sutherland's beautiful boudoir—how changed since he saw beautiful boudoir—how changed since he saw it last! Desolation was creeping even into the sanctuary of the house. He had scarcely time to note this by the sickly light of the moon through the open shutters, when a loud, fa-miliar voice in the hall arrested his attention— "Where is he? In the drawing-room? And

"Where is he? In the drawing-room? And no light there? Get a candle, directly, you scoundrel! and light me in there! I shall break my shins over these empty baskets and upset stools—do you hear?"

And soon after entered a slovenly man servant in a ragged shirt and troweers, and bringing a guttering tallow candle stuck in a mildewed silver candlestick, which he sat upon a dusty, stained, and spotted marble pier table. He was followed closely by Mr. Billy Bolling, who, with outstretched arms, and almost shouting his welcome, ran to Mark, and clasped him around the body, exclaiming, sobbingly—

"My dear—dear—der—bo-oy! I'm so glad to see you! And how are you! And how did you leave little wifie? And when did you get here? And nobody to welcome you, but that brandy-swilling beast in there!—Begone, you black villain, you! Who gave you leave to stand there eavesdropping, eh?—That's a field nigger, Mark! Every decent house servant, man and maid, that we had in the world, has fallen under the hammer long ago—all except Oriole, whom that fellow yonder bought in for his own purposes. Ah! Mark, times are changed, my boy, since you were here! Heighho! 'Sie transit gloria mundi,'" said Mr. Bolling, sinking into a threadbare velvet chair, and wiping his rosy face—as fat, fair, and rosy as ever.

"You are not changed, Uncle Billy, except that you appear to be in even finer health than ever."

that you appear to be in even finer health that

"Me! Why, I'm dying of mortification and grief! I am. I have got an organic disease of the heart! Yes, of the heart! The string the most strained the soonest snaps! Heigh-ho!"

"Why, I declare, Uncle Billy, I never in all my life saw a man in such perfect health. You are fatter and rosier than ever!"

"Fatter and rosier! Lord help your per spicasity! It's—it's—dropsy, and—and—fever That's what it is—this fat and rosy." "Reassure yourself, Uncle Billy, and

"All going to the dogs—all going logs—except them that are going to

"Nay, Uncle Billy, I hope not—any more than you are going into a consumption. How are they all at Silentshades? How is my dear mother?"

"Silentshades! Mother! Heigh! didn's you know they had sold Silentshades long ago, and moved to Texas?" exclaimed Uncle Billy, with a look of unbounded astonishment.

feelings should all be quiet? What could have

"I suppose my mother was lonesome."

"Oh! lonesome be hanged! Wan't I there—
her natural-born brother—to keep her company! I don't brag—but you know what com-

pany? I don't brag—but you know what company I am, nephew."

"Yes," said Mark, suppressing a smile.

"Well, I was there to take care of her, and protect her, and keep her company, and cowhide her niggers—although that last is very laborious exertion, and always puts me in a profuse perspiration, and gives me a palpitation of the heart—the thoughtless creatures, to put me to the trouble of fatiguing myself so. And now, if you want to know what tempted your mother to sell her home and leave all her friends, I'll just tell you—vanity."

"Yanity!" " Vanity!"

"Yes, vanity—the wish to be thought generous, and disinterested, and confiding," sneared Uncle Billy.

Mark Sutherland reddened.

"My dearest mother was all that in reality, without wishing to be thought so!" "I tell you 'twas vanity—vanity that tempted her to sell her home—vanity that tempted her to marry—vanity that tempted her to marry—vanity that tempted her to a suitor—a woman of her age! But I do think women are the most incorrigible—the most provoking—the most hopeless—and of all women, middle-aged widows are the most desperate fools!"

"Uncle Billy, I suppose, as an old bachelor, you have a license to rail at women in general, and as an elder brother you have liberty to be unjust to your sister. My mother was a handsome woman, in her prime, and it appears to

some woman, in her prime, and it appears to me not unnatural that she should have married. But if you thought otherwise, you should have told her so.

"For what good? A cat may release mouse from its claws; a rattle-snake a charmed bird from its jaws; the grave give up its victim; but never cat held mouse, or snake bird, or grave victim, with such a death-grip as a middle-aged widow holds her last lover! "Just now you told me that Dr. Wells tempt-

"Just now you told me that Dr. Wells tempted my mother into this marriage—now, you lay the responsibility upon her. That is like you, old, impartial justice, Mr. 'Bothsides.'"

"All true. They tempted each other—she, him, with her handsome property! he, her, with his handsome person! He was bent on having her plantation!—she, on having him. And so they soldered an engagement that Satan himself, with his sledge hammer, could not have shivered. Fill tell you all about it, Mark! I kept a sharp lookout on that chap when he first came prowling about Silentshades. I was tempted to shoot him, by mistake, for a catamount. But I twigged him! Very little of that palavering courtship that I didn't hear! Sure as ever they'd be on the piazza, I'd be in the parlor under the windows, listening."

"But what did you think of yourself, Mr. Bolling, for your eavesdropping?"

Bolling, for your eavesdropping ?"
"Thought I was doing my duty by my sister,
to circumvent a gay deceiver!"
Mark laughed.

"Oh, now you don't know how old pill-box and blister-plaster could court! You should have heard him talk about 'that regal brow'—

"And how do you know it was not perfectly sincere?" exclaimed Mark, indignantly rising and walking away: eveny
Billy, getting up and walking about, and tabning himself, and sitting down again.

But Mr. Sutherland was much too deeply interested in his mother's fate to keep silence. He returned, and resumed his seat, and inquired.

"Has my mother's marriage turned out hap

Don't know-can't say, I'm sure!" "You have not told me yet why she sold her

"Dr. Wells tempted her to do it for his sake. This was the way of it: Lord bless your soul, he was too old and cunning to stop courting her after the honey-moon, or at least until he had got his hands on the property; on the contrary, they sat on the bench on the piazza against the parlor window blinds, and courted more than ever! And I laid on the lounge under the same window in the parlor, and listened more than ever! And then he cooed to her, and called her 'My boon,' 'My blessing,' and 'My bride;' and told her what a noble woman she was—how full of sensibility benevolence. she was—how full of sensibility, benevolence and disinterestedness—how full of honor, truth

and courage."
"Well, sir, it was truth! I can easily understand how much truth should have burst impulsively from the lips of any one intimately associated with my dear mother!" exclaimed

Mark, impatiently.

Uncle Billy shut his eyes, and bobbed up his chin contemptuously, and then resumed:

"Truth, was it? Well, you shall hear the rest of the truth. By and by he began to take the tone of a wise, affectionate guide and husband—which I have always noticed is very band—which I have always noticed is very charming to good women, especially when it is mixed up with a little appreciative admiration—and he told her again what a high-principled, noble woman she was, and how she had only to get rid of one foible—one little weakness—and she would be a glorious woman—a perfect woman! And she pressed to know what it was, and she was willing to get rid of any fault he disapproved. 'Oh,' he told her, 'it was a want of trustfulness—a want of that confiding spirit so beautiful in woman—it was no fault; only but for that one small foible she would be such a glorious woman!' Well, Mark, to convince him that she could exercise a confiding spirit, and so become 'a glorious woman' all out, she gives him the full possession and perfect control of all her property, real and personal; and the upshot of it all is, that Doctor Wells has sold Silentshades, and they have emigrated to Texas!"

Wells has sold Silentshades, and they have emigrated to Texas!"

"Was my mother willing to go?"

"I don't know, Mark. After parting with Silentshades, they remained here at Cashmere about three months before getting off to Texas; and I thought in that three months your mother altered more than any one I had ever seen."

"Poor, dear mother!"

"There was another thing that gave her trouble: The Doctor certainly did neglect her; and then he took a great fancy to purchase a beautiful maid servant from Clement Sutherland—I dare say you remember the girl—she was Mrs. Ashley's own maid, Oriole!"

"Yes, I know"—

"Mrs. Ashley—India—wished to part with her, too; and I dare say the sale would have been effected, only there was an execution, and Oriole, with half a dozen of the likeliest of the house servants, both men and maids, were seiz-

Oriole, with half a dozen of the likeliest of the house servants, both men and maids, were seized, and put up at auction. Well, when Oriole was placed upon the block, there was pretty high bidding, I assure you. The three principal bidders were a New Orleans trader—who seemed determined to have the girl at any price—and Dr. Wells, and Mr. Ashley. But Doctor Wells and Mr. Ashley out-bid the trader, and had the field all to themselves; and the contest ran very high between them.

much in debt it left him, and you will come to a fairer conclusion in your estimate of your uncle's fortune. And then this great commercial crash, that has ruined so many people, has affected him deeply. He lost twenty-five thousand dollars by the villainy of Claxton & Co, manufacturers, and nearly as much more by the failure of Fleece & Brother, importers, Liverpool. And what was worse than all, he made a desperate attempt to retrieve his fortunes by speculation, and failed, with a stupendous loss. It was like a gambler's last stake, and he lost it—and now he is ready to blowhis own brains out! Lord grant that your wife's fortune may be safe, Mark, which I doubt."

"Oh! certainly; I have not the slightest misgiving of it. It was real estate, and could not have been staked in any way, you know."

Mr. Bolling shook his head.

Unheedful of that wise gesture, Mr. Sutherland asked: "And how does my cousin India bear this!"

"I don't know-I don't think she cares about

"Hush! you must not say that!"

"But I will say it, because it's the solemn truth. She never cared a sous, cent, marquee for him, though he loved the very ground she walked on. If ever you saw a man infatuated with a woman, St. Gerald was with India; his eyes followed her fondly wherever she moved. Yes, a year after they were married, I saw him slyly take up a glove of hers, and pet it, and talk to it, and kiss it, and put it in his bosom, as if it had been a live thing—the consummate idiot! And the same day I saw him strike her down before him with a blow!"

Mark Sutherland started to his feet, and gazed wildly at the speaker, who reiterated—

gazed wildly at the speaker, who reiterated—
"Yes, I did; I saw that with my eyes!"
"And stood by, and permitted a man to
strike a woman!"

strike a woman!"

"I never interfere between man and wife. Besides, what business had she to deceive and marry him, while she loved another—and to meet his loving attentions with aversion and loathing—and finally to be found sobbing hysterically over a lock of black hair, when his was brown! No, if he had killed her on the spot, I should have been sorry for—him. He loved her truly and well. She loathed him. I have seen her shudder all over, if he did but press her hand, or stroke her dainty curls. 'that face!' (as if there was no word good enough to describe it)—and 'those holy eyes'—and 'my darling, oh, my darling'—and 'my darling, oh, my darling, oh my darling '—and 'my lovely Helen'—and 'it is too much, too much to crave of Heaven' (her love, you know, he orave of Heaven') (her love, you know, he orave of Hea

"I have that honor!"

"Well, I always said you'd turn out well!

d—d if I didn't! I shall live to see you
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court yet! And
hve with you. I'll stick to you, Mark. I don't care
what Clement Sutherland and the rest say.
I'll stick to you, my boy. You shall never
have it to say that your old uncle fell away
from you. But now, tell me how is your little
wife? Well, I know, else you would not be
here eh?"

"Rosalie is well, but not strong."
"Never was, poor little thing. And how are the little children, and how many of them is there, and are they girls or boys, or both, and what are their names?"
"We have no children."

"What! lost them all? Well, poor little

"What! lost them all! Well, poor little things, they are better off."

"We never had any children."

"Oh-h-h! Whew-w-w!" whistled Mr. Bolling, rather disconcerted; then resuming, he said—"Well, neither have the Ashleys! That's strange! What the d——!'s that hubbub in the dining-room? Ugh! It's the niggers toting that animal up to bed! He, who seven years ago was called the brightest rising star on the political horizon! Now look at him! That is India's work! What tremendous power

"And for good!" said Mark Sutherland, as his thoughts flew to his guardian angel,

Rosalie.

Wearied with his journey, and longing for the solitude that would leave him free to reflect upon all that he had just heard, Mark Sutherland expressed a wish to retire. Mr. Bolling rang for the night lamps, and they parted for

TO BE CONTINUED.

LETTER FROM THE BORTHWEST

I have read, with considerable interest, the articles in the Era over the signatures of J. W. N. and G. W. P., of St. Anthony. With your leave, I will give a few sketches of a more local

leave, I will give a few sketches of a more focal character:

Lake Minnetonko, noticed by J. W. N., is deservedly attracting much attention, and a more extended description may be acceptable to your readers. This lake was so named by Governor Ramsey—who with a party visited it some time last summer—from the Sioux minne, water—tonka, big. It is about twelve miles south of west from St. Anthony, in that remarkable body of timber called the Big Woods, and is about twenty-five miles long and ten or twelve in its greatest width. Travellers have frequently mentioned the falls between St. Anthony, and Fort Snelling as Minne-ha-ha, (Laughing Water;) they are the outlet of this lake and Lakes Harriet and Calhoun. Entering it from the east by the outlet, we pass through a small lake; and rounding a point coming from the North, another and larger one is before us. Continuing west a mile or two, and rounding a point coming from the east, a fine prospect bursts upon the view. The opening is about half a mile wide. To the left is a small island; beyond and south of which is what appears to be the main shore, but is a large island, which will be found to contain more than three hundred serves, and is now claimed by Judge Meeker and brother, of St. Anthony. South, in the dim distance, is the shore of this part of the lake, there being two large lakes connected together by a creek sixty or eighty rods long and ceight or ten yards wide, from the northern to the southern extremity of each of which is all the southern extremity of each of which is all the southern extremity of each of which is all the southern extremity of each of which is all the southern extremity of each of which is all the southern extremity of each of which is all the southern extremity of each of which is all the southern extremity of each of which is all the southern extremity of each of which is all the southern extremity of each of which is all the southern extremity of each of which is all the southern extremity of each of which is all the southern extre lake; and rounding a point coming from the North, another and larger one is before us. Continuing west a mile or two, and rounding a point coming from the east, a fine prospect bursts upon the view. The opening is about half a mile wide. To the left is a small island; beyond and south of which is what appears to be the main shore, but is a large island, which will be found to contain more than three hundred acree, and is now claimed by Judge Meeker and brother, of St. Anthony. South, in the dim distance, is the shore of this part of the lake, there being two large lakes connected together by a creek sixty or eighty rods long and eight or ten yards wide, from the northern to the southern extremity of each of which is all of fifteen miles. Continuing on near its eastern shore, which is indeuted with numerous bays and armed with numerous points, here is a sandy shore sweeping around with a gentle curve, there a stony shore, anon a lofty bluff, from which the trees seem to delight to view themselves in the clear mirror of the surface of the lake. The gentle ripple of the waves, as they break on the pebbly shore and sparkle in the setting sun, the deep foliage of the surrounding wood, the broad expanse of water, not a "desert waste," altogether exert a soothing influence over the mind. The timber is principally hard maple, clm, and has wood. There is now a few families settled on the shore of the lake; and a colony of young married

"Umph! I don't think any one in the State would consider it worth while to ask the question now."

"I do not understand how his colossal fortune could have so sunken."

"Ah, well! now l'Il tell you his fortune was not so colossal after all. To be sure, he owned several thousand acres of land; but reflect that nine-tenths of that was pine barrens and cypress swamps, producing nothing and costing considerable in taxes; and he owned several hundred negroes; but remember that one-third of them were old people, and one-third children, who had to be supported out of the labor of the others; and he owned this very magnificent seat of Cashmere; but consider how much of his capital was invested in the building, laying out and adorning of this house and grounds, and how much in debt it left him, and you will come to a fairer conclusion in your estimate of your

"I do not understand how his colossal fortune was improvements in the vicinity of the lake, that colony having broken up after they arrived—owing principally to the false representations of a few interested men in St. Paul—some having returned, some settled on the Cannon river. A saw-mill will be going in a few days at the outlet of the lake, and the New York colony talk of building a steam saw mill the coming summer. To those who are the friends of God and reform, living East and elsewhere, and intending to emigrate to the West, I extend the invitation, Come here. There is a fine farming country, with every advantage for raising a town. Come, ye friends of Freedom, and cause the banner of Reform to float over all this region.

Any letters addressed to me at St. Anthony, post paid, I will cheerfully answer.

Any letters addressed to me at St. Anthony post paid, I will cheerfully answer.

For the National Era. LINES ON LESSING'S MARTYRDOM OF HUSS BY GEORGE OSGOOD.

Maiden, musing on the martyr As he stands before the stake, Tell me of the thoughts and feelings That within thy bosom wake.

Is thy heart all sad and gloomy In this dark and fearful hour? Dost thou dread the priests and nobles, As they come, with pomp and power? Dost thou fear the rope and fagots?

Tremble at the lighted torch Faint to see those fiend-like beings Standing at Death's awful porch? Does the mournful group of peasants, Melt thy gentle heart to sadness-

Bid the trembling tear to flow?

Can the brave Hungarian noble, Curbing in the rising fire, With his honest indignation Such a soul as thine inspire?

By the moss-clad altar, there Waken holy thought within thee, As she bonds in silent prayer!

Oh! behold the heavenly radiance Light the martyr's brow serene! Still for strength and light he prayeth

Yet he knows the night of suffering Soon will end in blissful day When the shades of fear and sadness Darkly o'er thy path shall lie, Earnest prayer will bring from Heaven

Ere be treads the painful way;

Peace and hope to light thine eye. Maiden, musing on the martyr, Learn, in every hour of ill, With his meek and holy reverence

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

WASHINGTON, April 23, 1853.

Thus to meet thy Father's will.

Knowing you have been somewhat intere Knowing you have been somewhat interested in what are popularly termed Spiritual Manifestations, I send you the following reflections, called up by reading the remark of President Wayland, that they are owing to a new and undiscovered force. In this opinion we entirely coincide.

They are the same, from the days of Gantley down to the present day, marking the era of any new physical law; even vaccination could only be introduced at first in the families of the physicians, and ministers denounced it from

of physicians, and ministers denounced it from the pulpit as impious, and contradicting the Bible.

Often have we pictured the scene when Franklin with a toy went forth with a loving, trusting child, whose simple faith was more in unison with his own spirit than all the philosophy of past ages; and when the result came, with what profound humility and reverence must be have received it! What poet or painter has portrayed the grandeur of this scene!

And we trust the ideal of our acts will yet be written, and the true page of history record the motives rather than the acts themselves. The ideal of one generation is the present civi-lization of the next. One fact is in harmony with past experience, although interesting many minds of scientific research; yet among

this class, too, are its strongest opposers.

One professor gravely asserts that it is some machine about the person; another, that it is electrical; if so, its very simplicity is a new discovery.

But there is a graver and more serious objection; and that is, that it produces insanity. It would be well to investigate the previous history of these minds. Are they those who have been carefully trained to habits of reflection and calm investigation? Above all, do they believe in an overruling Providence, who governs all, and whom our utmost research cannot find out? and that the remark "there is nothing new and the the remark "there is nothing new and the the remark "there is nothing new and the serior that the remark "there is nothing new and the serior that the remark "there is nothing new and the serior that the remark "there is nothing new and the serior that the serior is nothing new under the sun," does not mean that we have attained to all knowledge; for that we have attained to all knowledge; for surely not a day passes that does not convict us of our own ignorance, and lead us to a deeper reverence of the wisdom we cannot comprehend. But more than this, from our own observation, we think there is injury to a frame of delicate organization, in sitting down indiscriminately with persons of a different temperament, and skeptical in their reception of any new truth. We have great respect for the conservative part of our population; they

to perform their various uses in harmony with the Divine will, the connecting link between spirit and matter, the life given them by Him whose breath they are. Can we conceive of vote for a candidate of either of the old parties. anything made by Him as inert and dead?
The tree decays, but what an outburst of life

comes from this change!
When physical science advances, is it strange that a new law of spiritual life should appear?
So we believe it will be in the Celestial City; new powers will continue to unfold in the pure spirit, to enable the dwellers there to attain a higher knowledge of Him whom the highest

archangel cannot comprehend,
We have no conception of knowledge or
goodness that is not obtained by labor and a
sacrifice of self; neither can any one receive
or impart a higher truth than they are on a

or impart a higher truth than they are on a plane to receive.

It is simply a higher law by which to attain more just views of the spiritual world, and by which we may have an intercourse for good or evil. In the first dispensation the prophets conversed with angels and walked with God—yet they sinned. But were they not likewise strengthened by it to resist the evil?

No true faith will be subverted by any new spiritual law. We shall be led to a higer appreciation of him who came into the world a manifestation of the Father's love. A new and deeper meaning will be given to the words—"If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye could say to this mountain, be thou removed ye could say to this mountain, be thou removed and cast into the sea, and it should be done." "Greater works than these shall ye do, be-

"Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to the Father."

We have been pained to hear the name of
one who has done so much in modern times to
elevate mankind to a higher spiritual life, so
often misquoted, the John of the last century,
as Luther was the Paul, did we not know that
thousands will be led to a higher life and a
more just idea of the written Word, by a perusal of his writings. The physician, too, will
derive new light in regard to the nervous system.

These remarks may not be in harmony with a single mind; but if there is found one grain of truth, we trust some mind of research will be led to investigate a subject which deeply moves the public mind. To those who with out investigation denounce it, we commend a perusal of Acts v, 38, 39.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE. Fairview, Iowa, June 23, 1853 .- I noticed, in

your paper of the 9th instant, an error in the statement of F. S., of Millbury, Mass., which I wish to correct. He states that rattle-snakes are never found where the white ash grows. That is a mistake, of which he can have outlar demonstration if he will come here. The white ash grows here, and rattle-snakes are plenty. I have seen the same occur in the State of Pennsylvania. As I never have tried the experiment of the fire and ash leaves, I am not prepared to testify to the truth or falsity of it. I will give an infallible cure for the bite of a rattle-snake—one that has been frequently tested in this vicinity—that is, any kind of spirituous liquors that will intoxicate. If taken as soon as bitten, it relieves immediately. It is equally efficacious for man or beast. All that is necessary to effect a cure, is to make drunk

Shabbona, Ill., July 4, 1853 .- I send you en-People. You would like to know, undoubtedly, how the cause of Liberty prospers in this plant is do not know that I can give you any better idea of the matter than by stating, that at the Presidential election last November the vote for Hale and Julian was three ahead of both the old parties; and that, too, without the nic

Evansville, Ind., June 28, 1853.—I desire to congratulate you, and the friends of humanity everywhere, upon the success which crowns every effort to promote the cause of truth. It is steadily advancing, "not with observation," but quietly and surely. Party lines are becoming obliterated; men are yielding their opinions and prejudices; they read and listen, some secretly, and others more openly; even "Old Hunkers" dare read an Anti-Slavery paper, or listen to an Anti-Slavery speech, without losing caste among their friends, or without any fear of dissolving the Union. A speedy triumph awaits the Free Democracy.

A. L. R.

Troy, Madison co., Ill., June 26, 1853.—I enclose you one dollar, for which I pray you to send me its value in Facts for the People. I take seven papers, besides periodicals. When my other papers fail, I bear the disappointment with all the coolness of a stoic; but when the Era fails, then I have woe, and cause woe to all my neighbors. Our postmaster thinks that it is a great pity of me when the Era fails, but it is a far greater pity of those who hear my wailing. I am an enemy of Slavery, body, soul, strength, and mind, and, of course, a friend of yours. I pray you have compassion upon your friend, and let my Era be directed with more precision for the future. J. G.

Moline, Ill., June 22, 1853.—Why do you class the Commercial Advertiser, of Chicago, Ill., with Free-Soil papers? It was before the nomination of Scott, a Webster paper; and, after the nomination of Scott, was quite wrathy at the South for not supporting Webster in Convention; said "the South may catch their own niggers," &c. I do not see it now, and it may be Free Soil, but I do not believe it. The Rock Island Republican (intensely Locofoco Pro-Slavery) said, a few weeks ago, that the Commercial was the only National Whig paper in Chicago.

in Chicago.

Jackson, Henry co., Ind., June 14, 1853.—A little over four years ago I commenced the Era, and was the only one that took it near here, that I know of. Now, I think there will not be less than twenty taken in this vicinity. Free-Soilism is in the ascendant here. In shis town last fall, at the Presidential election, the vote stood: For Hale, 36; for Scott, 34; for Pierce, 16. After paying off the Whigs and Democrats who voted for Van Buren in 1848, we had gained two for Hale; and was the election to be tried over again, I have no doubt we could to-day give a majority over Whigs and Democrats combined. The signs of the times are encouraging. I took up my pen to make a suggestion, and here it is: Let every man that sends you ten subscribers a year, at once, be permitted to send you, after that, any number he can get, for a dollar and a half. When clubs are made up, many in the neighborhood clubs are made up, many in the neighborhood are not prepared at the time, that would be afterwards. Enclosed you will find the names of twenty-one subscribers for the Era, and \$27.

So, at least, many think.

BOSTON, July 4, 1853. To the Editor of the National Era:

I send you, herewith, a copy of a letter from a colored lady in Liverpool, England, to a fine old gentleman and true Democrat in this neighborhood, well worthy of a place in your

Should you agree with me in opinion, and think it would serve the cause of freedom, I would like to have the letter published. Very respectfully, yours,

JOHN W. SULLIVAN.

P. S. The writer of the letter lived twenty years with the person to whom it is addressed LIVERPOOL, April 19, 1853.

My Dear, Good Friend, Gen. -

It is now almost two years since I bade you a final farewell, on leaving my dear native

You are well aware of the motives which in duced my husband to take this (which seemed to you and a host of our friends) vory critical step in promoting the social, civil, and political welfare of our young family. As to ourselve, properly speaking, we have no complaints to make; for the short time allotted to us to live in this world would have been of no material consequence, as we have thus far managed to struggle through the prejudices consequent upon, and growing out of, the existence of Slavery, which unfortunately brands every person wearing a colored skin the victims of the most

cruel system of oppression, and the vilest that ever saw the sun. ever saw the sun.

I say that in a few years, more or less, we shall have passed away to our final rest, where the wicked cease to trouble; but our children need to be prepared to breast the storm, which continues to rage with unabated violence.

In order to accomplish this grand object, we have apprenticed two of our sons to learn on yingering, and the eldest con is studying for

have apprenticed two of our sons to learn en-gineering, and the eldest son is studying for a surgeon and physician. My husband is clerk in a large mercantile house, and principally engaged in the custom-house.

We are living comfortable, in the pleasant suburbs of Liverpool. All kinds of produce

are cheap here, if not cheaper than in the only articles that are high in price, are tea and coffee; but then the difference in rent, and everything else, more than counterbalances the high price of tea and coffee. Please remember me kindly to Mrs. —, and accept for yourself the regards of yours,

THE ENGLISH AND KAFIRS.

To the Editor of the National Era:

The war which, for upwards of two years, has been kept up between the English troops and the Kafirs, has just closed. Gov. Catheart has failed to execute his threats, and has given peace to the natives on much more moderate terms than they could have expected. His predecessor and himself repeatedly threatened to pursue them till they were driven beyond the Kei river, never to return. They are now permitted to settle down on the colonial side of the Kei, are allowed to retain their arms and was pom; ously deposed by Sir Harry Smith, is acknowledged paramount chief of all the Gaika

Gov. Catheart met Sandilli, accompanied by many minor chiefs and captains, about four hundred in number. The chiefs tried every subterfuge to evade the terms of the treaty proposed by Gov. Catheart, a They reolied to of fighting for the Government, and that, therefore, to deprive them of their guns would be to deprive the colony of the service of those from whom they were taken."

The result of the treaty is, that the Gaikas green required to deliver up one hundred guns.

whom they were taken."

The result of the treaty is, that the Gaikas were required to deliver up one hundred guns, in token of submission, and to restore the arms stolen by the Kafir police; they were to forsake the Amatola mountains, their old territory, and settle on the Kie and Thomas rivers. The Governor promised to forward to the Queen their petition to be allowed to return to their old homes, but gave them no hopes that it would be granted.

On the part of the colonists, there is great dissatisfaction with the moderations of the terms of this treaty. All the colonial papers cry out loudly against the impolicy of it; they can only account for the Governor's acceding to such terms on the ground that he had positive instructions to make peace at any rate. The fact is, the English have become tired and disgusted with this war, and public opinion in England has long demanded its cessation, at whatever cost. The colonists regard the treaty as only a cessation of hostilities, which will be renewed as soon as the Kafirs have a little recovered their strength, and the prosperity of covered their strength, and the prosperity of the farmers again tempts to plunder. The Cape Town Commercial Advertiser speaks of the peace on this wise:

"Much has been said, and no doubt will be,

"Much has been said, and no doubt will be, against the moderation of these conditions, but those best acquainted with the state of affairs, are thoroughly convinced that peace had become necessary, and that the extermination of this resolute people was in fact impossible. For two years and two months they have resisted a British army, amounting to eight or nine thousand of her majesty's finest troops, aided by auxiliary forces still more numerous, and clung to their country and their chiefs with a bravery and fidelity which no dangers could daunt, no temptation overcome. It is silly, vain, monstrous, to say of such people that they are wolves, mere thieves, and murderers, and cannot be reconciled and made friends.

In dealing with such people in future, swelling and gigantic words, arrogant threats, and

In dealing with such people in future, swelling and gigantic words, arrogant threats, and contemptuous terms, should be avoided, not only by public officers but by colonists, and by the frontier press."

The dissatisfaction which exists in the eastern province of the Cape Colony with the moderate terms of the peace, arises in part, no doubt, from a real feeling of insecurity, while a Kafir is left so near them as it may be possible to receive any damage from him. Three or four bloody and destructive wars have created, on the part of the colonists, an inveterate hatred of the Kafirs. No doubt great dissatisfaction is also felt and fomented by those who hoped, by the entire expulsion and destruction of the Kafir tribes, to make fortunes by speculation in lands from which they should be driven. As all wars are, this Kafir war has been very disastrous to the prosperity of the colony. en. As all wars are, this Kafir war has been very disastrous to the prosperity of the colony. Many farms and plantations lie waste, the inhabitants having fied for their lives, or been murdered by the savages. Several of the most flourishing missionary establishments have been atterly destroyed by fire and sword. More than eight hundred citizens and soldiers have been slain, besides many more of the Fingoes, who all through this war have remained faithful to the English, and the number of killed on the part of the Kafirs amounts to several thousands. The Kafirs do not feel the loss of proprety so much as do the whites. They took care to send away their flocks and herds to distant tribes for safe keeping, at the commencement of the war, trusting to victory and plunder for support during the conflict. Their huts which have been destroyed were of little value, and in a few days can be rebuilt. In a war with the whites, the Kafir has but little to lose and enerything to gain.

The cost of this war to the English treasury has been upwards of two millions sterling, and